

BRONX BALLADS

by ROBERT A. SIMON

BRONX BALLADS

by ROBERT A. SIMON

With 11 Illustrations and 11 Gags by Harry Hershfield



SIMON & SCHUSTER
New York - 1927

Entire Contents of this book
Copyright, 1927, by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Printed in the U. S. A.
By Abbott Press & Mortimer-Walling, Inc.
New York

To Dabby, who made this book

The words and music of these songs may not be sung or played in public, broadcast or reproduced on any mechanical device or otherwise used for profit unless arrangements have been made by contract with the publishers, who control all rights.

SIMON & SCHUSTER

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-------|
| Editorial Foreword | 9 |
| The Lipschitz Wedding | 15 |
| Mrs. Shephard Margolies | 23 ✓ |
| Lester Wilson Wise | 31 |
| Sadie | 39 ✓ |
| Rosenthal Ain't Rosenthal No More | 49 |
| Naomi | 57 ✓ |
| Big Bouncing Bertha | 65 |
| Wellington Goldberg | 73 |
| All My Wife's Relations | 83 ✓ |
| Black Oxen | 91 |
| Gussie and Reba | 99 ✓✓ |

BRONX BALLADS

Editorial Foreword

SO LIVELY has been the research among the musical folklore of our nation in the past decade, that the time seems ripe, as fruiterers have it, for the publication of certain celebrated airs, indigenous to the soil, which never before have been available to music lovers and other connoisseurs of beauty. These songs are the Bronx Ballads, and it is the editor's hope that the revelation of these simple ditties will encourage the exposure of many more nuggets from that rich mine of poetry and melody—the Borough of the Bronx in New York City.

The Bronx occupies the northeastern part of the world's greatest metropolis and is, in point of acreage, about twice as large as the somewhat more renowned Borough of Manhattan. For many years, the Bronx was but sparsely settled, and there are traditions that at one time the population consisted principally of goats.¹

In the past fifteen years the heart of the metropolis has risen upwards, as though, indeed, it could rise elsewhere, and already the Bronx has been urbanized. Glittering apartment houses with elevators and practical bathrooms shine out from the whilom alleys, and chain stores in which, oddly enough, it is virtually impossible to purchase a chain, have replaced the old

¹ Van Gelder, *My Own New York*. P. 145 *et passim*.

general store at the crossroads. Newspapers and magazines are published in the Bronx, and there are several theatres. ²

Civilization, as we like to think of it, is wiping away the picturesque Bronx of song and story, but some of the older inhabitants, who recall with twinkles in their eyes the times in which filling stations were thought to be restaurants, still croon the fine old songs of the fine old days. And it is with the hope of rescuing these songs from the onrush of skyscrapers, that the editor has collected them and equipped them with accompaniments that approximate the simple zither obbligati to which they were originally intoned. ³ The piano transcriptions, however, are only indications, and accomplished musicians are at liberty to enrich them, but only in keeping with the spirit of the songs.

And what a cross-section of the human comedy these songs are! The Bronx bards did not dally with the abstract. They did not ape slavishly the old English ballads or pervert gospel hymns. They struck out boldly and created beauty from the human flesh and blood surrounding them. Here is a gallery of portraits worthy of the pencil of a Hill, the brush of a Hogarth, the typewriter of a Lardner. ⁴ They live.

² According to Derenblum, in *Celluloid Growths* (p. 394), there are at least two cinema houses in the Bronx.

³ Barringer, *Two Centuries of Zithering*. P. 85.

⁴ *How I Work*. An Anthology of Method, edited by Clifford S. Thomas. Pp. 11, 234, 649.

They breathe. Yea, though the over-nice minded turn away in effeminate horror, they smell! ⁵

Whom shall we meet in these pages? The divinely utilitarian geniuses, who celebrated their nuptials, not only for pleasure but without economic loss. Mrs. Shephard Margolies⁶ who migrated temporarily only to find that the world does not change. Wellington Goldberg, the first of many youths who struggled not only for a higher education but for those incalculable benefits pursuant to contact with academic athletes. The brilliant Sadie—alas! her history is an unsolved enigma!—who, like Wellington Goldberg, fought for knowledge and gained it. Gussie and Reba, the two sisters who were unlike.⁷ Rosenthal, who originated the converted name. Mrs. Lionel Ginsberg, who read a book ⁸ to her own advantage. And a host of others who will become as familiar to the reader and listener as Christopher Columbus and Benedetto Croce.

But why employ weak words to announce the glories of the Bronx Ballads? Here are representative songs, telling their own tales, proclaiming their own messages. They are yours, mine—and posterity's!

ROBERT A. SIMON

⁵ Reports of the Municipal Aromatic Commission, 1924. Vol. II, p. 537.

⁶ Van Gelder (quoted *supra*) tells a charming anecdote of this fascinating woman. P. 58.

⁷ Gildersleeve in *Naming Names*, holds that this phenomenon is not uncommon. (P. 364). But see Margetson's *American Sisterhood*, p. 82, for another theory.

⁸ *Black Oxen*, by Gertrude Atherton.

THE LIPSCHITZ WEDDING



*"Did you especial, Mister Valgerholtz, hire a dress suit
for this function?"*

"Yes, and I found an invitation in it for another affair."

The Lipschitz Wedding

TO WHICH of several tribes of Lipschitzes available in the Bronx this song refers cannot be determined. It is said by some *mammies* (infants' nurses) of the Bronx that the heroine of the song is Mrs. Wentworth Lipschitz, grandmother of Benson Kaplan (see "Rosenthal".)

This air apparently is a purely native production. It is unlike any other tribal melody and its durability is attested by the number of verses that may be sung to it without fatigue, at least on the part of the singers. From hundreds of verses that are sung when lights are low (and sometimes out altogether) in the Bronx, those printed here are the most typical. However, almost every Bronx family has its own version, and not infrequently, the family name is substituted for Lipschitz and some other function alternated for "wedding." Some of these domestic variations are of appalling difficulty, such as this rare one heard on Featherbed Lane:

"At the Katzenellenbogen confirmation,

"The Katzenellenbogen confirmation,

"The Katzenellenbogen confirmation last night."

Bronx pianists generally take unusual liberties in improvising odd accompaniments for "The Lipschitz Wedding," playing bits of "Narcissus" in counterpoint and otherwise adding academic interest. It is also a favorite with ukulele players, and is played at many weddings.

THE LIPSCHITZ WEDDING

Last night,
There was a business by the rabbi,
At the wedding, at the Lipschitz wedding last night.
He put the wedding on C. O. D.
He was the only one who got a fee.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
Only half the wedding march was played,
For only half the band was paid.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
The girl who caught the bride's bouquet
Got a bill the following day.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
Poppa and Mamma made no mistake,
They raffled off the wedding cake.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
The coatroom girl, before she could leave,
Had to shake every nickel out of her sleeve.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
Grandpa won back the trousseau's price,
Out in the alley-way, shooting dice.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
The bridegroom left at ten o'clock
To get his dress suit back in stock.

At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night,
Before the bride's coiffure was mussed
The wedding ring began to rust,
At the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding, the Lipschitz wedding,
last night.

To Ernest Schelling

The Lipschitz Wedding

Maestoso

Maestoso

Last night, there was a

f (This is in "Lohengrin," too) *mf* *lamentoso*

bus - i - ness by the rab - bi, At the wed - ding, at the

Lip - schitz wed - ding last night. He put the wed - ding on C. O.

f *maestoso*

D., He was the on - ly one who got a fee At the

(commercially)

Allegretto scherzando

1. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the
 2. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the
 3. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the

Lip - schitz wed - ding last night, On - ly half the wed - ding
 Lip - schitz wed - ding last night, The girl who caught the
 Lip - schitz wed - ding last night, Pop - pa and Mam - ma made.

march was played, For on - ly half the band was paid. At the
 bride's bou - quet. Got a bill the fol - low - ing day. At the
 no mis - take — They raf - fl'd off the wed - ding cake. At the

4. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding last
 5. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding last
 6. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding last

p giocoso

night, The coat - room girl, be - fore she could leave, had to
 night, Grand - pa won back the trous - seau's price,
 night, The bride - groom left at ten o' clock To

shake ev - 'ry nick el out of her sleeve. At the
 Out in the al - ley - way, shoot - ing dice. At the
 get his dress suit back in stock. At the

7. Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding last

night, Be - fore the bride's coif - fure was mussed, The

mf *crescendo* *allarganda*

wed - ding— ring be - gan to rust.. At the Lip - schitz wed - ding, the

mf *a tempo*

Lip - schitz wed - ding, the Lip - schitz wed - ding, last night. _____

(Quick! Throw that old shoe before they get in the taxi)

f *sf*

MRS. SHEPHARD MARGOLIES



*"You don't like the eating at the 'Benjamin Arms',
Mrs. Margolies?"*

*"No! It was terrible! Every mouthful was positively
poison—and what small portions they give you of it."*

Mrs. Shephard Margolies

THE authenticity of this song is guaranteed by Mr. J. Shephard Margot-Leys, grandson of the remarkable woman celebrated in this folk gem. Mrs. Shephard Margolies was a niece of Wellington Goldberg, of whom there is mention in another song (see p. 73), and she was one of the first feminists of the Bronx. In her day, woman's place was in the home, if any, but she struck out boldly in a manner that would have rejoiced the heart of her grandfather, "Fighting Kenneth" Spiegelberg. She was the first woman of the Bronx to investigate at first hand the customs of the Indians, and it is in commemoration of this adventure that the song came into being.

Remarkable is the genuine Indian coloring which pervades the song, especially at the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth measures of the chorus. The somewhat elaborate accompanying introduction is said to have been devised by one of the itinerant harpists who was, in his time, the phonograph, radio and illustrated Sunday supplement of the Bronx.

To sing this song properly, it is imperative that the artist invest himself with the personality of Mrs. Margolies. There must be yearning in the voice and the cry of the soul that seeks the lowdown on Indians must be in the heart. It is no song for beginners—but what a masterwork for the singer who has lived, loved and suffered!

MRS. SHEPHARD MARGOLIES

Missus Shephard Margolies
Was crazy for some mountain breeze;
She had a terrible ache
To go kemping by a lake.
And so she bought some outing clothes,
Including B. V. D.'s and dose,
And then to save the rent,
She got measured for a tent.
When she came back she told her mommer
That she had had an elegant sommer.
Says mommer, "Where'd you get so tanned?"
"What you mean *Where?*—Ain't nature grand!"

I had a kemp-kit,
An Indian kemp-kit—
Where do you think?
At Camp Mechulla by the Pines!
I could see those genuwine Indians daily.
They were always singing "Eili Eili."
I went out to hunt the bear—
And all I found was mooses there:
Apfel moose, Kartoffel moose,
And lots o' moose like Matzah moose.
Indians was all I saw—
Big Chief Oppenheimer and his Squaw
Up at Camp Mechullah by the Pines.

To Jerome Kern

Mrs. Shephard Margolies

In modo Indiano, affettuoso

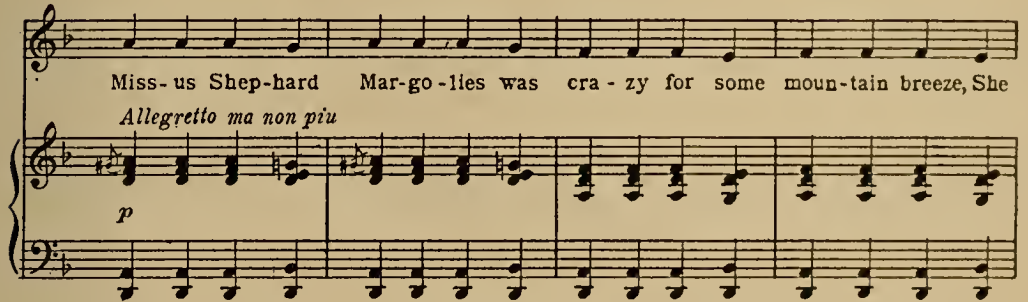


Vamp ad lib.

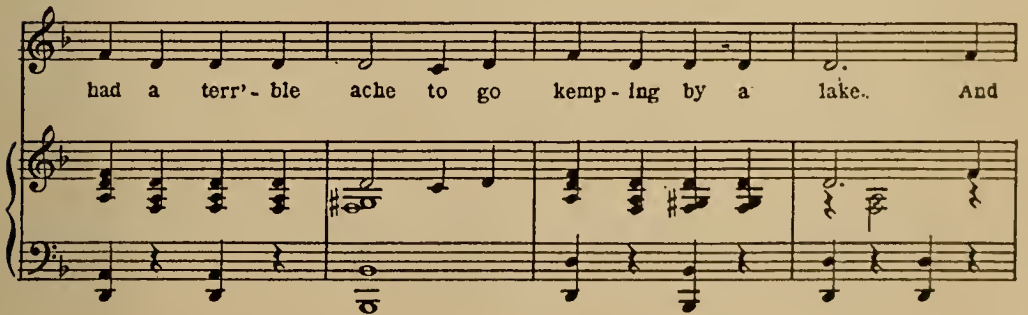


Miss-us Shep-hard Mar-go-lies was cra-zy for some moun-tain breeze, She

Allegretto ma non piu



had a terr'-ble ache to go kemp-ing by a lake.. And



so she bought some out-ing clothes, in-clud-ing B. V. D's. and dose, And then to save the

rent, She got meas-ured for a tent. When she came back — she told her

mom-mer — That she had had — an el-e-gant som-mer — Says

(Parlando, almost)

mom-mer, "Where'd you get so tanned?" "Whadye mean *where*? Ain't na-ture grand!"

mf *un poco rit.*

(Confidentially)

I had a kemp-kit, an Ind-ian kemp-kit_ Where do you think?_ At Camp Me-
ritardando *mf* *a tempo*

chul - lah by the Pines.

I could see those gen - u - wine In - di - ans dai - ly

They were al-ways sing-ing "Ei - li Ei - li"

I went out to hunt the bear and all I found was moos-es there

p a tempo

(Like a bill-of-fare, which it is)

Ap-fel moose, Kar-tof-fel moose, and lots o' moose like Matz-ah moose.

(respectfully)

In-di-ans was all I saw Big Chief Opp-en-heim-er and his Squaw

mf

Up at Camp Me-chul-lah by the Pines.

8va

LESTER WILSON WISE



"And I saw a snake in the road, but it turned out to be a stick."

"And from that you're excited, Cyril?"

"No—but the thing I picked up to hit it with turned out to be a snake."

Lester Wilson Wise

MUCH has been written of the Bronx Shanties, which are almost as famous as the shanties of the mariners of England. Although there are comparatively few nautical airs indigenous to the Bronx, the epic of Lester Wilson Wise is too famous to be omitted from any collection which seeks to be representative. It is a genuine shanty, and the hornpipe in the opening staves will bring a thrill to anyone who has tasted salt spray.

The theory that this song may be of Russian origin has had many adherents, but the fact that there is an allusion to the song of the Volga boatmen to denote the rage of Cyril Edelstein is hardly sufficiently substantial to hold water for scholars. As well call it Japanese because of the Oriental cast of the *motif* mourning the loss of household goods!

Not much is known of Lester Wilson Wise, whose predatory habits gave rise to this chronicle. Old records indicate that the wife with whom he ran off was Edelstein's third wife, and there are documents which seem to prove that he married her. There is a ballad which begins, "If Cyril's wife was good enough for Cyril, why didn't I leave her alone," but there is no proof positive that this refers to the domestic life of Lester Wilson Wise.

Cyril Edelstein, the protagonist of this shanty, was at one time a Vice Admiral in the merchant marine. He was a man of uncommon purity and the title which had been bestowed on him seemed to him to have immoral implications. Consequently, he changed it to "Rear Admiral," and when it was pointed out to him that this also was not without its humorous possibilities, he resigned his commission.

LESTER WILSON WISE

Cyril Edelstein was an able bodied seaman,
Cyril Edelstein almost always was at sea;
And he left his wife behind,
Which was a loss he did not mind.
But her old, old flame, Mister Lester Wilson Wise,
Came around and took every thing that met his eyes.
And when Cyril noticed that,
He went roaring 'round the flat:

"We had a bottle on the ice;
But Lester's got it now.
We had a tube of dentifryce;
But Lester's got it now.
We had some lovely paper shmeared upon the wall,
But now it's hanging up in Lester's cottage small (by a waterfall).
We had some tonic for the hair;
But Lester's got it now.
We had some fine silk underwear;
But Lester's got it now.
The baby had the whooping-cough,
It almost took the baby off;
But oy! oy! oy! oy! mazeltoff—
Lester's got it now!"

"We had a nice imported quilt;
But Lester's got it now.
We had a handsome bedroom built;
But Lester's got it now.
We had a cook who used to meet our slightest wish,
But now she's always cooking Lester's favorite dish (it's gefüllte fish).
We had some gravel on the path;
But Lester's got it now.
We had a place to take a bath;
But Lester's got it now.
My neighbors used to laugh and scoff,
But yesterday my wife ran off;
And oy! oy! oy! oy! mazeltoff—
Lester's got her now!"

To Robert C. Benchley
Lester Wilson Wise

With a yo-ho-ho



Cy-ril E-del-stein was an ab-le bod-ied sea-man, Cy-ril E-del-stein al-most al-ways was at sea; And he

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment in the left hand starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, eighth notes A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

left his wife be - hind, ——— Which was a loss he did not mind. But her

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment in the left hand starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, eighth notes A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

old, old flame, Mis-ter Les-ter Wil-son Wise Came a-round and took ev-ry thing that met his eyes. And when

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The piano accompaniment in the left hand starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, eighth notes A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

Cy - ril not - iced that, He went roar - ing 'round the flat:

"We had a bot - tle on the ice; But Les - ter's got it now. We
 "We had a nice in - port - ed quilt; But Les - ter's got it now. We

had a tube of dent - i - fyce; But Les - ter's got it now. We had some love - ly pap - er
 had a hand - some bed - room built; But Les - ter's got it now. We had a cook who used to

shuncared up - on the wall, ——— But now it's hang - ing up in Les - ter's cot - tage
 meet our slight - est wish, ——— But now she's al - ways cook - ing Les - ter's fav - rite

small (by a wat - er - fall). We had some ton - ic for the hair; But
dish (it's go - full - to fish). We had some grav - el on the path; But

Les - ter's got it now. We had some fino silk un - der - wear; But
Les - ter's got it now. We had a place to take a bath; But

Les - ter's got it now. The ba - by had the whoop - ing - cough. It al - most took the
Les - ter's got it now. My neigh - bors used to laugh and scoff, But just last night my

ba - ly off; But oyl oyl oyl oyl maz - el - toff — Les - ter's got it now!"
wife ran off; And oyl oyl oyl oyl maz - el - toff — Les - ter's got her now!"

SADIE



"Listen, Irma, is there any space left in the bookcase?"

"About three inches."

"Who's a good author in that thickness?"

Sadie

IT IS a curious sidelight on human nature that every old gentleman named Stein who has a daughter Sadie fancies that this ballad was composed in commemoration of her schooling, but the song is, in sober fact, older than any Stein extant. The allusion to Paul Revere probably dates the song. It reads "went around as fast as Paul Revere," which indicates conclusively that Revere was contemporary to the ballad. If it read "went around as fast as Paul Revere *did*," there might be room for discussion and argument. But it doesn't.

The records of Barnard College do not divulge any clue to the identity of Sadie Stein, and some experts have held that the reference to Barnard is an addition which crept into the song many years after it first was heard. There is said to be an older version, but it is a trifle frank for general publication, and this edition seems to be most common in the Bronx today.

Several fine old Bronx words are in evidence here. "Phi Beta Kappa" is, of course, the honorary fraternity, to which Bronxians are elected after the supply of other eligibles is exhausted. "Kosher" is dietary language for clean, but has the colloquial meaning of "correct." "Risches" is localized prejudice and a "goy" is any alien.

The somewhat incoherent structure of this ballad gives additional weight to the theory that "Sadie Stein" is a mosaic of several old song legends about this brilliant woman.

SADIE

Old Man Stein
Had a daughter who was very fine,
In her own particular line,
Which was brain work.
What she had up here
Went around as fast as Paul Revere,
And in studies—Oh my dear!
You should of seen that jane work!
Stein simply hated
To have her educated,
So he picked on Barnard College for her Alma Mater.
Stein was elated
When she graduated,
Four, five, six or seven years later.

Sadie is so snappa
In her Phi Beta Kappa.
Oy, what a wonderful key!
She can speak Latin and Greek,
But it all sounds kosher to me.
She's got such a risches
Against washing the dishes
Since she got that third degree.
Oh, she spills her learning
All over the place;
She's got a wonderful head
But oy—what a face!
And she's out with her wandering goy tonight,
Shaking her Phi Beta Kappa key.

To Sigmund Spaeth
SADIE

Moderato

mf

3

3

3

p

Old man Stein — had a daught-er who was ve - ry fine — in her own par.

Pompously, like old man Stein himself

ti - cu - lar line — which was brain work.

what she had up here _____ went a - round as fast as Paul Re - vere _____

*("up here" is the head, if you
know where that is)*

— and in stud - ies — Oh, my dear! You should of seen that

jane work! *Vivace* Stéin sim - ply hat - ed to

-have her e - du - cat - ed, So he picked on Barn - ard

Sadie-5

Col-lege for her Al - ma Ma - ter. Stein was e -

lat - ed When she grad - u - at - ed,

four, five, six or sev - en years lat - er.

Moderato

Sad - ie is so snap - pa in her Phi Bet - a Kap - pa.

Oy, what a won - der - ful key! She can

speak Lat - in and Greek But it all sounds

kosh - er to me. She's got such a

risch-es against wash - ing the dish - es, since she got that third de

Sadie - 5

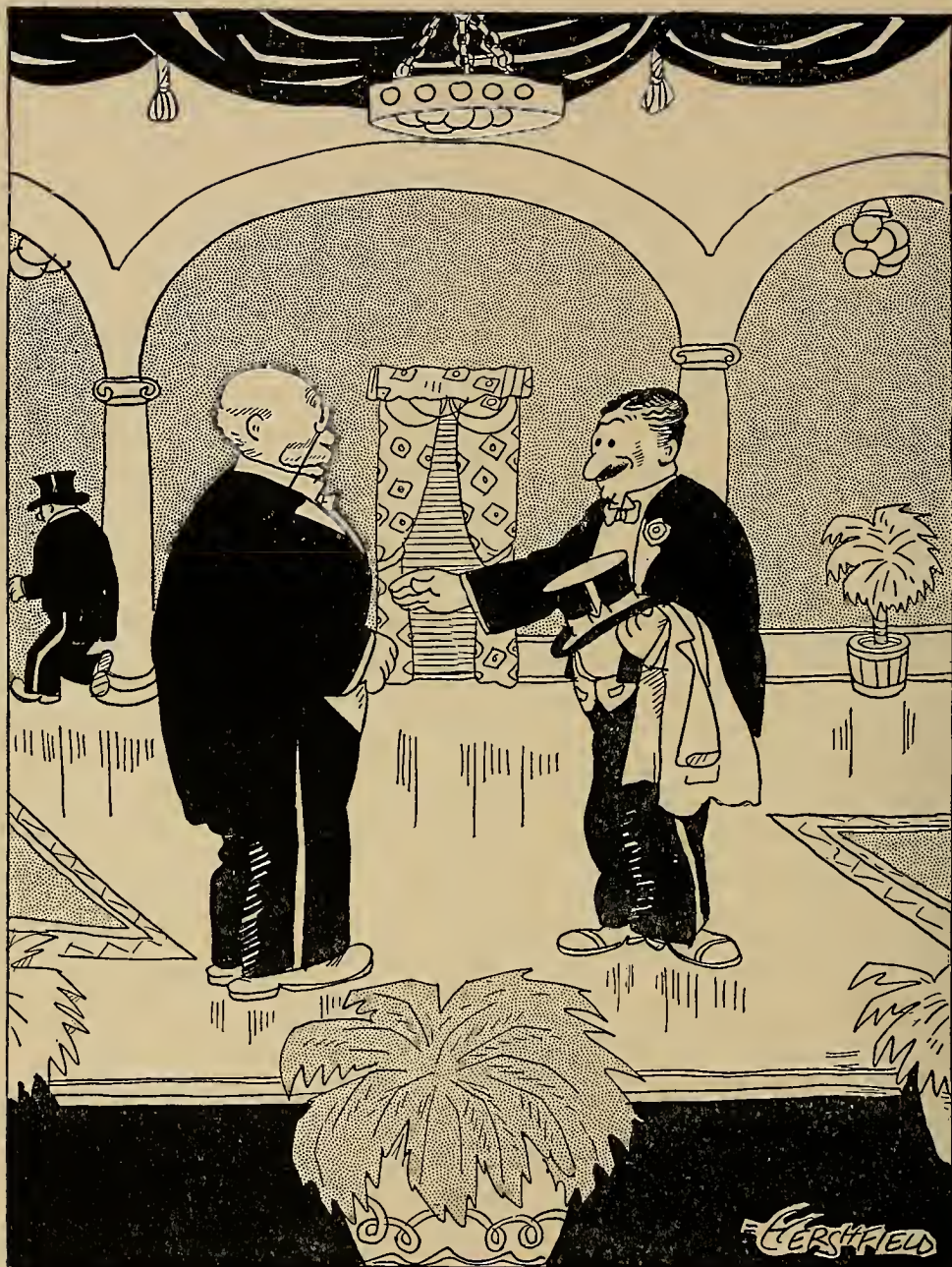
gree Oh, she spills her learn - ing all

o - ver the place;— She's got a won - der - ful head — But

oy, what a face!— and she's out with her wand' - ring goy to -

night, Shak - ing her Phi Be - ta Kap - pa key. —

ROSENTHAL AIN'T ROSENTHAL NO MORE



*"Gled to have met you, Mister Vanderbilt—hope to be
introduced to you again some day."*

Rosenthal Ain't Rosenthal No More

SIGHT-SEERS in the Bronx frequently pause before a little shop which bears this inscription on its window:

“COTTON MATHER LICHTENSTEIN
(‘WHAT’S IN A NAME’)”

Heraldry is a subject which invariably brings forth eager discussion in the Bronx. Benson Kaplan, the hero of this ballad, was named “Benson” because he was born while his parents were summering in Bensonhurst, Long Island. He was a rugged man who devoted most of his life to hunting and on his return from one of his expeditions he was shocked to find that many of his neighbors had abandoned their historic names in favor of simpler versions. His plaint, “Rosenthal Ain’t Rosenthal No More,” became a campaign slogan in one bitter aldermanic contest between a Mr. Rossini and a Mr. Rawson. The winner was Benson Kaplan, running as an independent candidate.

So numerous are the verses for this ballad that only a few indicative specimens are included here. Almost every family has its own variants which are passed from father to son and from son to grandson and from mother to almost everybody else.

The music is unusually dramatic, from the chorale of the introduction, through the martial music which accompanies the return of Kaplan, to the sentimental lament which recounts the decline of old titles. It should not be sung too slowly, as the subject is a painful one and should not be treated lingeringly.

ROSENTHAL AIN'T ROSENTHAL NO MORE

Benson Kaplan returned to the Bronx where he came from;
He met Smith and Jones and Gray,
Who had not been born that way.
Benson Kaplan returned to the Bronx where he came from;
And he hollered, "Where has everyone gotten his name from?"

For Minzesheimer calls himself McGee.
Levi signs his checks as Robert E. Lee.
Weinstein and I had an awful tilt;
I forgot his name was Vanderbilt.
And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more.

"Horowitz has changed his name to Hinch.
Lilienthal is advertised as Lynch.
Tompkins kicked me with both his feet,
I called him Toplitz—right in the street,
And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more."

"Feuerstein has changed his name to Flint.
Papa Ginsberg calls himself Peer Gynt.
You think your smart, but you're always fooled;
You think it's Goldberg—
It ain't—it's Gould.
And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more."

To Franklin P. Adams

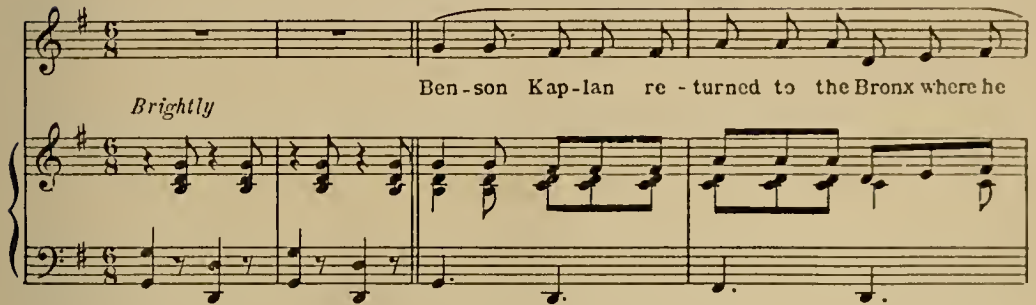
Rosenthal Ain't Rosenthal No More

Meyerstoso

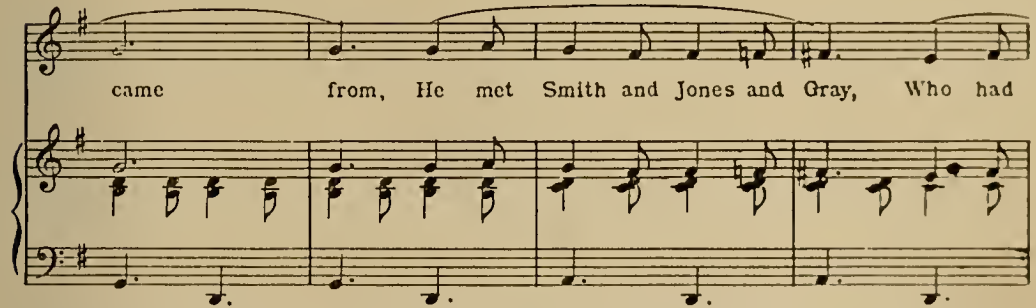


Brightly

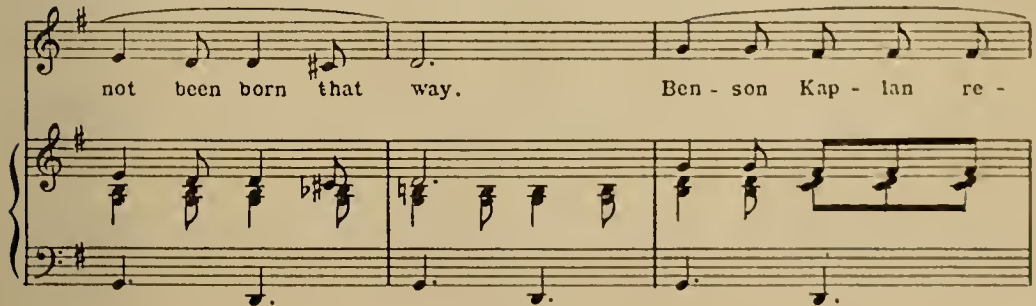
Ben-son Kap-lan re - turned to the Bronx where he



came from, He met Smith and Jones and Gray, Who had



not been born that way. Ben-son Kap-lan re -



turned to the Bronx where he came from, — And he

holl-ered, "Where has ev-ry-one got-ten his name from? For

rit.

Min-zes-heim-er calls him-self Mc-Gee.
 "Hor-o-witz has changed his name to Hinch.
 "Feu-er-stein has changed his name to Flint.

Allegro

Le-vi signs his checks as Rob-ert E.
 Lil-ien-thal is ad-ver-tised as
 Pa-pa Gins-berg calls him-self Peer

Lee.
Lynch.
Gynt.

Wein - stein and I had an
Tomp - kins .. kicked me with
You think you're smart but you're

aw - ful tilt; I for - got his name was Van - der - bilt; And
both his feet; I called him Top - litz right in the street; And
al - ways fooled; You think it's Gold - berg - it aint - it's Gould; And

1 and 2 ending

Ros - en - thal aint Ros - en - thal no more!
Ros - en - thal aint Ros - en - thal no more!
Ros - en - thal aint Ros - en - thal no

Last ending

more!"

ff

Rosenthal

NAOMI



"If you'll keep that warm towel on your face for ten minutes, Mister Melzel, we'll get results."

Naomi

OF LITTLE, common things are our great folk songs made. No finer exemplification of this axiom can be found than "Naomi". This song does not deal with abstractions and concepts. Its subject matter is something that is near and dear to every high-spirited citizen: the Turkish bath.

Naomi was Naomi Lilienkranz (b. 1853), whose efficiency as a masseuse (which supplies the motif for this song) eventually achieved for her the proprietorship of a flourishing chain of Turkish bathing establishments. At the time of the free silver agitation, she added Russian baths to her enterprises, but the songs celebrating her triumphs in these institutions cannot, for obvious reasons, be reprinted in an anthology designed for unrestricted circulation.

In spite of the many temptations that beset her, Naomi won the respect of all her patrons. There is almost a complete literature about Naomi, and this song is only one of perhaps ninety that are sung in the Bronx. Subtle tribute to her personal qualities is paid in the music of the verse, which sounds singularly like the lament of a gay young amorist who knows that the subject of his song has one price: marriage.

As a matter of fact, Naomi married one of her customers—Godfrey Kantrowitz, a poet who won evanescent fame as "the Bronx Keats," but who later had greater success as house detective in his brilliant wife's emporia. It was he who captured the notorious gang of towel thieves that long terrorized Bronx bathers.

NAOMI

Naomi was a husky girl, with a very beautiful face.
She had a job massaging men in a Turkish bathing place.
And when those customers emerged,
All shiny, bright and foamy,
They underwent some punishment,
At the fingers of Naomi.
And when she dragged them out by the collar,
Those freshly laundered customers began to holler:

"Don't stop hurting me, Naomi;
It makes me feel so fine.
How I like to have you play
'Kiss me again' on the vertebrae!
How I ache! I think I'll break, Naomi!
What have you done to my spine?
When you treat me Swedish how it makes me tingle!
And I'd do the same for you if I was single!
Don't stop hurting me, Naomi,
It makes me feel so fine!"

To Lewis E. Genster

NAOMI

Semplice e moderato

(like something you've heard before)

mf

This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is common time (C).

mf

This system contains measures 3 through 6. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with quarter notes D4, E4, and F4, followed by a half note G4. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (Bb).

Allegretto ma non pfui

p

Na - o - mi was a husk-y girl, With a

(Like a memory of your first love)

p

This system contains measures 7 through 12. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G3, A3, B3, and C4. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (Bb).

ve - ry beau - ti - ful face. She had a job mass - ag - ing men in a

This system contains measures 13 through 18. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with quarter notes D4, E4, and F4, followed by a half note G4. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (Bb).

Turk-ish bath-ing place. And 'when those cust-om-ers e-merged, All shin-y, bright and

foam-y, They un-der-went some pun-ish-ment, At the fing-ers of Na-o-mi.

(Hospitably)

And when she dragged them out by the col-lar, ——— Those

fresh-ly. laund-ered cus-tom-ers be-gan to hol-ler:

rit.

Don't stop hurt-ing me, Na - o - - mi; It makes me

a tempo

p (Like a big fox-trot hit)

feel so fine. _____ How I like to

have you play _____ "Kiss me a - gain" _____ On the ver-te-brae! _____

— How I aches I think I'll break, Na - o - - mi;

tempo di massage *a tempo*

What have you done to my spine?

con dolore

When you treat me Swed-ish how it makes me tin-gle! And I'd do the

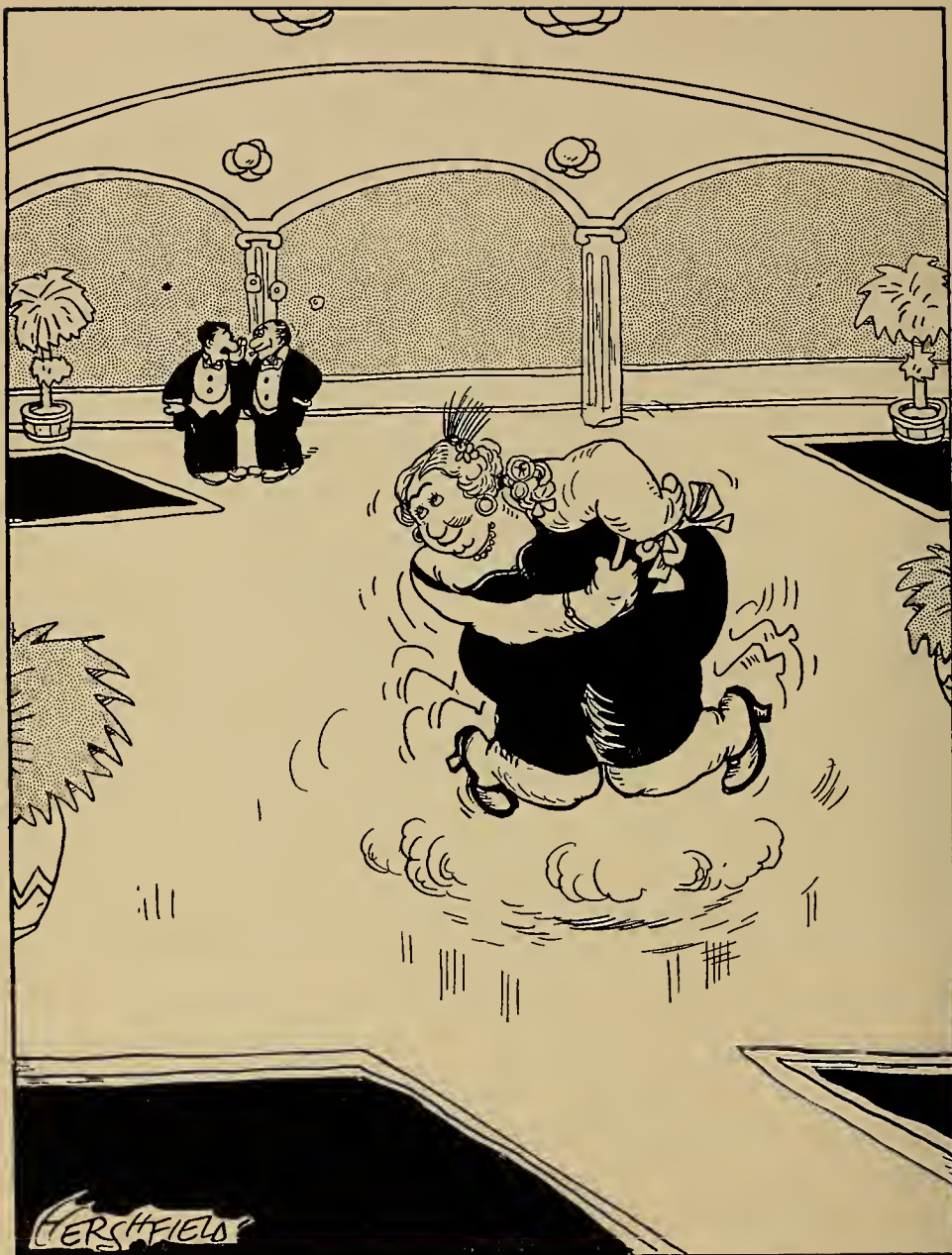
a tempo

same for you if I was sin-gle! Don't stop hurt-ing me, Na-

o - - mi! It makes me feel so fi - i - ne!

crescendo

BIG BOUNCING BERTHA



*"Ps-s-t, Sigmund—ain't she terrible fat and homely?"
"You can talk louder, Julius—she's deaf also."*

Big Bouncing Bertha

THE THEORY that the Scandinavians settled the Bronx prior to the Anglo-Saxon invasion receives support in this ballad, with its proclamation of "a Danish pastry shop" in its opening strophe. The time of the song is reasonably well established by the name of its protagonist, Monroe Hyman, who obviously was named for President Monroe.

It is curious to observe that obesity was not always considered a crime in the Bronx. Note the delight of old man Hyman in the plumpness of his prospective daughter-in-law, and the mirthful chuckle in the music when the fate of the furniture provided for the use of Bertha is related. The original Bertha may have been any one of four women, as records have been found of four Bertha Hymans. It is, however, possible that Monroe did not eventually marry Bertha, in which case the claims of the four Berthas are invalidated.

The music is unusually sophisticated for a Bronx ballad, and it may be that some editor dressed it up early in its career. Mention of the gelatinous lady is accompanied by a skipping tune more commonly associated with ladies who dance on the lawn in their muslins. The dramatic harmonic progressions which illustrate Bertha's accretion of weight are forerunners of Wagner. Note also the graphic ascent of the stairs when the text mentions Bertha's difficulties in hallways. And at the end is another Nordic touch: a theme which may also be found in the A-minor piano concerto of Grieg.

BIG BOUNCING BERTHA

Monroe Hyman had a Danish pastry shop,
Full of snooky cookies with whipped cream on top.
When his sweetie, Bertha, came to call,
Monroe gave her samples of them all.
All these cookies tickled Bertha's taste;
Now you ought to see that Bimbo's waist!
Once she was a perfect twenty-one—
Now she looks like something she ain't done.

She's Big, Bouncing Bertha,
The biggest thing in town;
Big, Bouncing Bertha,
She'll keep a good man down.
Going up the stairs she thinks an awful sprint;
If she was worth her weight in gold,
She'd be the government mint.
Pop Hyman met her;
He busted out in grins,
He said "She's better
Than any Siamese twins."
"Have a chair," he said, when Bertha stood--
Now he's selling kindling wood.
Bertha's a big girl now!

To Kurt Schindler

Big Bouncing Bertha

Allegretto alla Turca

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line. A dynamic marking of *p* is present at the end of the second system.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Mon - roc Hey - man had a Dan - ish pas - try shop ____". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is present at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Full of snook - y cook - ies with whipped cream on top ____". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

When his sweet - ie Berth - a came to call _____

Mon - roe gave her sam - ples of them all _____

All these cook - ies tick - led Berth - a's taste _____

Now you ought to see that Bim - bo's waist! _____

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/style is indicated by the title 'Big Bouncing Bertha'. The lyrics are: 'When his sweet - ie Berth - a came to call', 'Mon - roe gave her sam - ples of them all', 'All these cook - ies tick - led Berth - a's taste', and 'Now you ought to see that Bim - bo's waist!'. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking in the third system.

Big Bouncing Bertha

Once she was a per - fect twen - ty - one _____

Now she looks like some-thing she ain't done! _____

rall.

She's Big, Bouncing Bertha, The big-gest thing in town — Big, Bouncing

p a tempo

Berth-a, She'll keep a good man down. Go-ing up the stairs she thinks an

Big Bouncing Bertha

aw - ful sprint; If she was worth her weight in gold She'd be the gov't ment

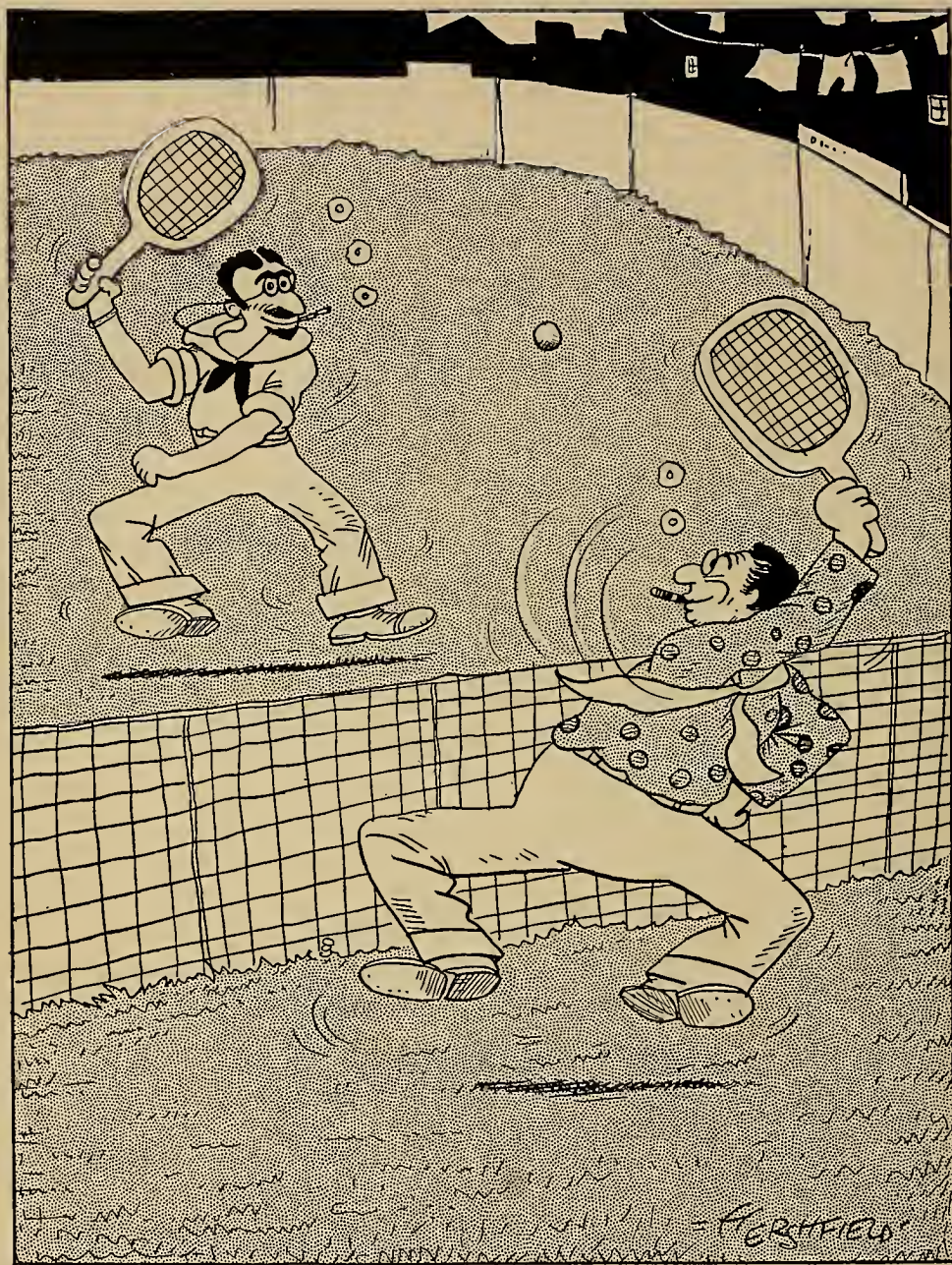
mint. Pop Hy - man met her, he bust - ed out in grins

He said "She's bet - ter than an - y Sia-mese twins". "Have a chair," he said, when

Bertha stood; Now he's selling kindling wood Berth-a's a big girl now.

8

WELLINGTON GOLDBERG



"Speaking of books, Wellington, do you read Shakespeare's works?"
"Yes, Pincus, as fast as they come out."

Wellington Goldberg

IF THERE is one thing which every true son of the Bronx prizes above a good long hike in the country, it is education. When Polk was president, college degrees were not so common as they are today, when a diploma may be had with the purchase of a box of cigars (on the first Saturday of every month, two diplomas accompany this investment).

Wellington Goldberg came from hardy stock, and when he had finished his day's rail splitting—for he was a rail splitter, and in the Bronx they still point out rails which he split and which never can be repaired—he would curl up by the gas-logs and study the lessons which came to him by mail. It is said that in one year he completed correspondence courses not only in the school which he celebrated in this song, but also in seven other postal universities. Graduates of the nameless seven may substitute the name of their alma mater for the one included here.

The Goldberg Memorial Museum on Hoe Avenue contains many of Wellington's original exercises and examination papers. Within three months, he had subscribed for and acquired a high degree of efficiency in accounting, advertising, business management, carpentry, dental hygiene, elementary engineering, forgery (structural, not commercial), geography, horse breeding, ironwork, javelin throwing, kindergarten practice, lion taming, manicuring, newspaper reporting, oil drilling, phrenology, quoits, rowing, steam fitting, theology, upholstery, vestibule designing, watch repairing, xylophone playing and zoology. It is perhaps little wonder that he was three times an unsuccessful contestant for aldermanic honors in his own bailiwick.

WELLINGTON GOLDBERG

Wellington Goldberg was no fool;
He went to the International Correspondence School.
He was a fine collegiate chep,
Who regretted the lack of college pep.
"All other colleges," he said,
"Have songs which say the boys would like to be dead,
If the football, baseball, basketball or chess team—
Yes, the Chess Team—that is the best team—
Don't beat the boys from Harvard, Yale or Princeton,
Or C. C. N. Y.,
They'd like to die."
So, Goldberg in the interest of sport,
Opened his veins and shed about a quart.
And in this home-made ink, one hour later
He wrote this ballad for his Alma Mater:

"I'd get a chestful of bronchitis
Or a fine appendicitis
For old I. C. S.
If it helps the boys to win,
I'll get rashes on my skin;
If it will make the team score double,
I'll go in for stomach trouble.
Fight! Fight! Fight! We're back of you!
We'll cheer the team to success.
I will get a chill and shiver
Or cirrhosis of the liver
For old I. C. S."

To Heywood Brown

Wellington Goldberg

Moderato

(In the best glee club manner)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in an ascending scale. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Well-ing-ton Gold - berg — was no

Portentously

The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Well-ing-ton Gold - berg — was no'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in an ascending scale. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

foo - ool — He went to the

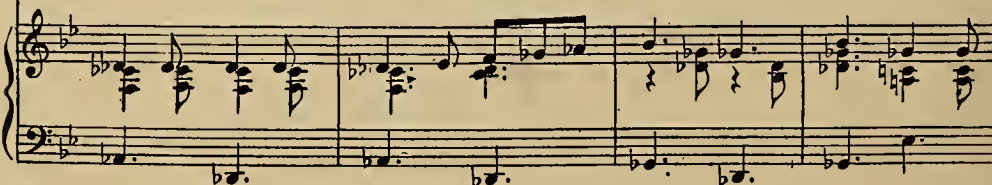
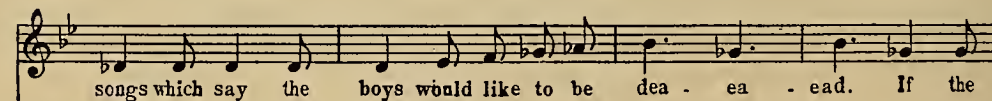
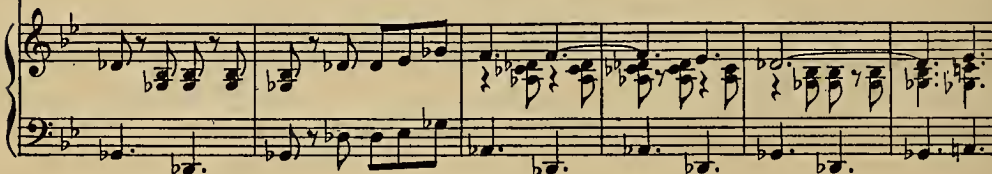
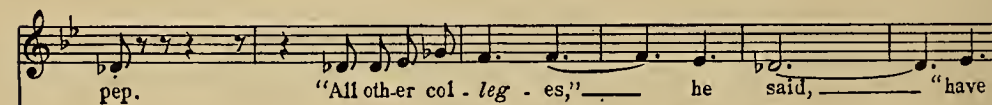
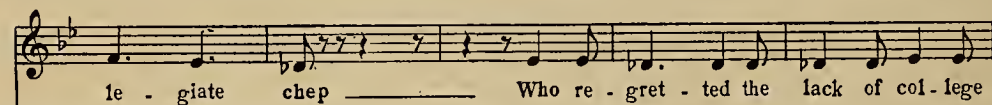
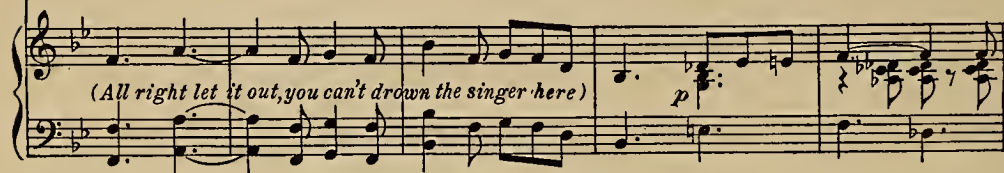
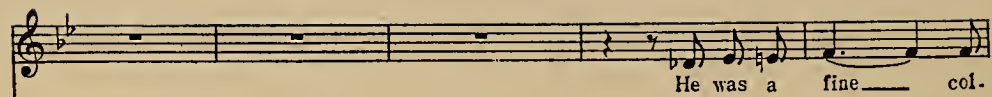
(With plenty of feeling for the dear old dump)

p

The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'foo - ool — He went to the'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in an ascending scale. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

In - ter - na - tio - nal Cor - re - spon - dence Schoo - ool —

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'In - ter - na - tio - nal Cor - re - spon - dence Schoo - ool —'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in an ascending scale. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.



foot - ball, base - ball, bas - ket - ball or chess - team, _____ Yes, the

chess - team, _____ that is the best team _____ don't beat the

boys from Har - vard,, Yale, or Prince - ton, _____ or C. C. N.

Y. _____ They'd like to die." _____ So

(And that's that)

Gold-berg, in the in-ter-est of sport, Op-ened his veins and

(Wah! Wah!)

shed a - bout a quart. And in this home - made

ink one hour lat - er, he wrote this bal-lad for his Al - ma

Mat - er :- "I'd get a chest - ful of bron -

(Sing it if you like; it's pretty)

With devotion

chi - tis, or a fine ap - pen - di - ci - tis for old I. C.

S. _____ If it helps the boys to win, I'll get rash-es on my skin;

If it will make the team score dou-ble, I'll go in for sto-mach trou-ble.

Fight! fight! fight! we're back of you! We'll cheer the team to suc-
mf (Savage) *f* *mf*

cess. _____ I will get a chill and shi-ver or cir-rho-sis of the
rit. *p* *a tempo*

liv-er for old I. C. S."

ALL MY WIFE'S RELATIONS



*"Listen, Finkelstein, only a FRIEND can become an enemy—
a RELATIVE is one from the start."*

All My Wife's Relations

NO MORE subtle tribute has been paid to the vigilantes of the Bronx than this legendary wail of Mortimer Katz, who became betrothed to a young woman of uncertain family. There is nothing in the Bronx police annals to prove that Miss Finkelstein ever had any personal contact with the constabulary, although Ingersoll, a shrewd and trustworthy commentator, suggests that Miss Finkelstein may have avoided capture. But as there are no other ballads extant in which Miss Finkelstein is touched on, it is safe to say that she was not criminal. The huge literature surrounding young lady safe crackers and virgin highwaywomen never impinges on Mortimer Katz's fiancée.

The antiquity of the ballad can be traced by the references in palaces of confinement. The Tombs prison in New York, the Elmira Reformatory and the Atlanta Federal prison all have their roots far back in history. Research scholars have been puzzled by the allusion to the "new jail" in which the marriage was to have been performed, and the conflicting opinions of authorities have turned this into one of the most disputed points in contemporary scholarship.

Another testimonial to the age of this ballad lies in the music, the first part of which is strikingly akin to a famous march of Franz Schubert. As Schubert lived in Vienna, it is impossible that his work could have influenced the Bronx troubadour who first evolved this song. The conclusion is that Schubert derived his melody from this ballad, and as Schubert worked in the early nineteenth century, this ballad is easily 150 years old.

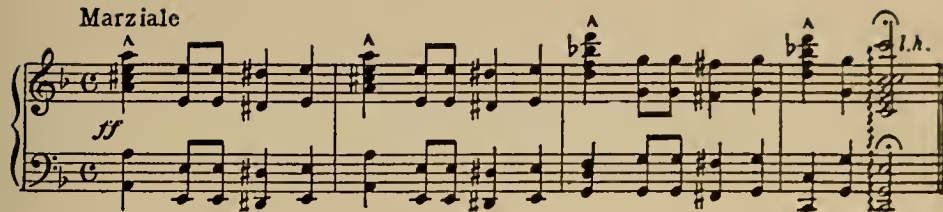
ALL MY WIFE'S RELATIONS

Mortimer Katz got engaged to Miss Finkelstein;
Mortimer Katz chose the lady for his bride.
Then he met her brother Jake,
In a cell for some mistake—
(Passing money that was fake)
And then the bridegroom cried:

“All my wife's relations are locked up on vacations.
Some are spending week-ends in the Tombs.
Dear old Tante Thyra is summering in Elmira—
She never has no trouble getting rooms.
Uncle Sol's located in Atlanta, Georgia;
They're getting Auburn ready for his frau.
I'll be married in the new jail to-morrow,
For all my in-laws are out-laws now.”

To Dudley Digges
All My Wife's Relations

Marziale



Mor - ti - mer Katz got en - gag'd to Miss Fin - kel - stein;

(Just between you and me)

The vocal line is in 2/4 time, matching the piano introduction. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, featuring chords and single notes. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

Mor - ti - mer Katz chose the la - dy for his bride.

The vocal line continues in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment in the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

Then he met her broth - er Jake In a cell for some mis - take.

The vocal line concludes in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment in the left hand continues with harmonic support. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

(Pass - ing mon - ey that was fake) And then the bride-groom cried:

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D, and finally a half note E. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

"All my wife's re - la - tions are lock'd up on va - ca - tions.

(You know how it is)

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note F#, quarter notes G, A, and B, then a half note C, and finally a half note D. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Some are spend - ing week-ends in the To - omb's.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note E, quarter notes F#, G, and A, then a half note B, and finally a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Dear old Tan - te Thy - ra is sum-mer-ing in El - mi - ra — She

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D, quarter notes E, F#, and G, then a half note A, and finally a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

nev-er has no trou-ble get-ting ro-oms. _____ Uncle Sol's lo-

eat-ed in At-lan-ta, Georg-ia; They're get-ting Au-burn read-y for his

frau _____ I'll be mar-ried in the new jail to-mor-

(This is the most poignant passage of the ballad. Treat it nice)

row, For all my in-laws _____ are out-laws now." _____

dim

BLACK OXEN



*"My elbow burns me like fire doctor! My neck is swollen!
My knees are like a knife going through it—and besides,
I PERSONALLY don't feel so good."*

Black Oxen

NOT ALL of the Bronx ballads date back to Colonial days, for the making of ballads is the third industry in that county today, and the collector may stumble over many remarkable specimens which differ from the fine old songs only in the matter of age. "Black Oxen" is such an one.

Mrs. Lionel Ginsberg, who is the heroine of this air, was the granddaughter of Mrs. Lionel Johnson Ginsberg, concerning whom there is a song which cannot well be printed here. She was one of the primers or first readers of the Bronx, and many a Bronx poet rose or fell by her verdicts. When Felix Klotzheiser, then literary editor of the Bronx Vindicator (now merged with the Dearborn Independent), lectured on the subject of Samuel Johnson and referred to him as the "great Cham" of literature, Mrs. Ginsberg made the classic answer: "Great Cham he may have been but I am the Great Champ."

Modern influences are discernible in the music of "Black Oxen," notably in the modulation from E flat to G, where a curiously chauvinistic quotation is made. The free use of recitativo near the conclusion of the song would not have won the approval of the original Bronx minnesingers, but it is an encouraging symptom that the more recent bards have not permitted the ancient rules to confine that which is engraved in their hearts.

BLACK OXEN

At the age of forty-four,
Missus Lionel Ginsberg began to get sore.
The old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
At the age of forty-four.
In the meantime, in another city,
Horace B. Liveright published a book
Called "Black Oxen."

Black Oxen—that came in the night.
Black Oxen—they fixed her up right.
Once she bathed in Mineralava, and Boncilla;
Now she's read a book and she's the Cat's Mantilla.
Black Oxen—she got from the doc;
Black Oxen—they set back the clock;
And when the ladies of the Menorah Society heard about Mrs. Ginsberg,
they all agreed
That if a book could do that for her, then it was high time they learned
how to read
Black Oxen—that came in the night.

To Horace B. Liveright

Black Oxen

Maestoso

(If you play a good piano, here's your chance)

ff

dim.

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked Maestoso. It features a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with a dynamic range from fortissimo (ff) to diminuendo (dim.).

At the age of for - ty - four, Mis - sus

mf (Reminiscently) *deciso*

The first vocal line is in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and direct. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (Reminiscently) and *deciso*.

Li - o - nel Gins - berg be - gan to get sore. The old gray mare, She

What price glory

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more complex chordal texture, with a *What price glory* section marked with a 'v'.

ain't what she used to be, At the age of for - ty - four. In the

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

mean - time in an - oth - er cit - y Ho - race B.

(Respectfully)

Liv - e - right pub - lished a book called "Black Ox - en?"

Black Ox - en ——— that came in the night. ——— Black

p
(Dreamily)

Ox - - - en ——— they fixed her up

right. _____ Once she bathed in Min-er-al-a-va

p dolce.

And Bon-cill-a; Now she's read a book and she's the

Cat's Man-till-la. Black Ox-en _____ She got from the

doc. _____ Black Ox-en _____

The image shows a page from a musical score, likely for a piano and voice. The title at the top is "The Clock." in a decorative font. Below the title, there is a section of music. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics "They set back the clock." are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, a treble and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand. The tempo is marked "mf" (mezzo-forte) and the dynamics are "p" (piano) and "mf". The music is in 4/4 time. The page number "21" is visible in the bottom right corner.

ladies of the Me-no-rah So-ci-e-ty heard a-bout Mis-sus Gins-berg, they all a-greed that if a

The image shows a page from a music book, featuring a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The title "The Old Folks at Home" is written in a decorative, cursive font at the top. Below the title, the lyrics "book could do that for her, then it was high time they learned how to read Black" are printed. The musical notation includes a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line has a tempo marking "(very distinctly)" above it. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and single notes. The page is numbered "10" in the bottom right corner.

Ox - en - that came in the night.

8va

GUSSIE AND REBA



"They get three dollars here for an artichoke, Feivel. I'll order one—I never ate an artichoke in my life."

"If you never ate one, Gussie, DON'T—you're liable to get a bad one and wouldn't know it."

Gussie and Reba

SOME commentators have discerned in this ballad a parallel with the old Scotch folk air which begins, "There were twa sisters," but it is unlikely that the Bronx bard who first rhymed the tale of the Frankel girls was familiar with Caledonia's chronicles. The present version proves, among other things, that some of our current patois is not so new as we like to think. "Coat, vest and pants man," for instance, anticipates the butter-and-egger of recent parlance. The "Leblang" from whom Reba obtained tickets for last nights of plays is not easily identified. The reference seems to be to a cut-rate ticket agency of some sort. In fact, there is one of that name now flourishing on Broadway not far from Forty-second Street. It is possible, of course, that in the course of its travels from hand to mouth, this ballad had injected into it this distinctly modern allusion.

One of the most famous passages in the zither literature (sometimes called "zitherature" in the works of early professors) occurs at the beginning of "Gussie and Reba." The brief introduction for the piano undoubtedly was derived from some other ballad or perhaps from a zither solo, but it has been retained, not only because it is traditionally correct but because it has an old-fashioned charm of its own.

"Gussie and Reba" was a favorite air at cotillions in the fifties and even now is played by intrepid orchestras that little care whether or no they twist fine old tunes to fox-trot purposes.

GUSSIE AND REBA

Gussie Frankel's got a little sister—
Reba is the name the kid goes by.
Gussie's got the looks and knows it;
Gussie's got the shape and shows it;
Reba is a chilblain to the eye.
Reba's form is positively painful:
Reba's charms are all concealed inside.
Is she clever? Well, she's got a brainful!
Still, it takes more than brains to make a bride.

Gussie goes out each night with a dance man;
Gussie knows every coat, vest and pants man.
When Reba meets a gent,
It's an accident.
Gussie gets all the fanciest raiment,
Diamonds and pearls, without any payment.
Once Reba got a fur—
It wasn't meant for her.
Gussie goes to all the shows
On first nights with the gang;
Reba goes the night they close,
On tickets from Leblang.
Gussie gets rings and other attentions;
Gussie gets things no gentleman mentions;
Reba's a good girl, that's all.

To Ben Bernie
Gussie and Reba

Lyricaly

mf

Gus-sie Frank-el's got a lit-tle

pensively *p*

sis-ter Re-ba is the name the kid goes

by Gus-sie's got the looks and knows it; Gus-sie's got the

with enthusiasmand appreciation

shape and shows it; Re-ba is a chil-blain to the eye.

rather mournfully

Re-ba's form is pos-i-tive-ly pain-ful.

Re-ba's charms are

all con-cealed in - side

Is she clev-er? Well, she's got a

brain-ful

Still it takes more than brains to make a bride

with philosophic implications

Gus-sie goes out each night with a dance man; Gus-sie knows ev'-ry

p This isn't a bad Fox-trot, but use your judgment

coat, vest and pants man; When Re-ba meets a gent— It's an

ac - ci - dent. Gus-sie gets all the fan - ci - est rai - ment,

Dia-monds and pearls with-out an - y pay-ment. Once Re-ba got a fur—

It was-nt meant for her. Gus-sie goes to all the shows on

first night with the gang; Re-ba goes the night they close, On tick-ets from Le-

blang. Gus-sie gets rings and oth-er at-ten-tions; Gus-sie gets things no

gentle-man men-tions; Re - ba's a good girl, that's all.

